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## A DETECTIVE'S RUSE.

Clever Method by Which He Secured Some Evidence.

"I had to resort to a queer ruse once to get an admission from a man I was after," said a private detective. "There had been some trouble at a club between two young men. One threw a glass of wine into the other's face. The other did not resent the insult as he should have done. When his father heard of it he threatened to disinherit his son unless he whipped the man who had thrown the wine in his face. The father was a member of the same club, and he made a wager of a wine supper that his son could and would whip the fellow. Soon after this the son met the man who had insulted him and whipped him. The fight occurred on a prominent street, and as two of the young man's friends were with him at the time there was talk of an action against them and his father for conspiracy. Our agency was retained to get the evidence needed.

"It was decided that it would be necessary to get an admission from the father of the young man who had made the assault. I was told to get it. I tried many ways and failed. He did not know I was a detective. He had known me for a number of years, but thought I was engaged in other work. I had another plan to get from him what I wanted. I told him a New York publication was having the affair written up and illustrated.

"I said I had seen the picture of the fight which had been prepared for it. He was pleased at the publicity that the fight was to get, for the story of the affair at the club had been printed, and he wanted it known that his son had avenged the insult. I intimated that if he cared to see it I thought I could get him the picture that had been prepared for publication. He was eager to see it.

"I had a friend, a newspaper artist, who made me a picture. He made a faithful copy of the street scene where the fight occurred, and he made a fair likeness of the figures in it. The picture showed one man stealing up behind another and striking him from the rear. Behind him were two other men, who were supposed to have accompanied him to see fair play. The father was thought to have been in the neighborhood, but as he wasn't seen he was left out of the picture. He examined it carefully.

"Who are these two men?" he asked, pointing to the two onlookers.

"They are the two Blacks, who went along with your son to see that he got fair play," I told him. "That's all right," he said, "but who is this?" pointing at the man who was striking at the other from behind.

"Why, that's your son," I told him.

"That's a lie!" he exclaimed. "My son stood right in front of him and hit him squarely in the face. I told him to do that and stand up in front of him all the time. I was right across the street, and the two men who were with my son were close enough to see all that happened. They will tell you that he did not hit him from behind. He faced him fairly and whipped him fairly. That was the way we made it up to do. If that's printed I'll whip the man who made it!"

"It wasn't printed, nor were there any court proceedings taken on account of the alleged conspiracy. The men concerned in it on both sides got together and settled it out of court."—Exchange.

## Buttermilk a Life Saver.

A French medical man advises people to drink buttermilk for long life. He says that the lactic acid dissolves every sort of earthy deposit in the blood vessels, keeping the veins and arteries so supple and free running that there can be no clogging up, and hence there is no deposit of chalky matter around the joints or of poisonous waste in the muscles. It is the stiffening and hardening of the blood vessels which bring on old age. Buttermilk is likely to postpone it ten or twenty years if freely drunk. A quart a day should be the minimum, the maximum according to taste and opportunity.

## THE COLORADO DESERT.

How Sound Carries and the Way Mirages Come and Go.

Talk about wireless telephones! The Colorado desert goes science one better in that line. According to travelers in that neck of sand and sagebrush, you can dispense with any kind of telephone, with or without wires, at least up to a certain distance.

Two men a mile apart can carry on a conversation in an ordinary tone of voice, particularly if there happens to be a small hill behind each, writes Harvey Hall Kessler in the Travel Magazine. The prevailing silence is so intense that it might be called deafening.

Perhaps, after all, the weirdest among many strange features of the desert is the mirage. We have camped perhaps and gone to bed early in the evening with the thermometer registering not far below the hundred mark. We awake, shivering with cold beneath our blankets, and look toward the east.

There is the slightest suggestion of light in the sky there, which as we watch grows slowly in strength. A grayish haze marks the horizon's edge, which stands out more sharply at one point, from which broad, pale rays creep up and out high above in the sky. These again slowly fade as a point of brilliant light appears at their base. This point grows to a half circle, then breaks and runs along the sky line in a surging, golden lake.

Upon the shores of this lake cities spring up, towers, spires and solid blocks. These fade into fields and forests and farming scenes—fields of golden grain, cattle standing in green alfalfa, sheets of water. The mountains near the edge of the lake separate from their bases and float upward, topple over and stand on their heads, their unwieldy feet in air.

Soon our lake begins to contract and collect into a big round ball of dazzling brilliance hung just above the horizon. Farms and forest disappear. The mountains, as though abashed at being caught in such an unseemly attitude by the broad light of day, quickly resume their normal position, while all the stark landscape stiffens into unshifting endurance of the garish light and blazing heat of the desert sun. The mirage is gone like a bubble. Only the gray desert remains.

## Unjustly Blamed.

Speaking of the unreliability of circumstantial evidence, a lawyer said:

"Sanders McDowell, a coal heaver of Peebles, said angrily to his wife one night:

"'Havers, Lisbeth, hoo many times am I to tell ye I winna hae the childer bringin' up coal in my top hat!"

"'Hoot, Sanders, mon, be reasonable," said Lisbeth. "Ye've spoilt the shape o' the top hat wi' yer funny head a'ready, an', since ye're heavin' coal all day, wot can a little extra coal dust in the headpiece matter?"

"'Woman, ye dinna grasp ma argyment," said Sanders. "I only wear that top hat in the evenin', an' if I'm out an' I tak' it off it leaves a black band around ma forehead. What's the rasool? Why, I'm accused on all sides o' washin' ma face wi' ma hat on!"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## What's in a Name?



The Social Reformer—Is your mother at home, little girl?  
The Little Girl—No-ow. Muvver's gone ter fight canuver Ndy.—Tatum.

## THE OBJECTION TO JOHN.

It Was Easily Removed When the Situation Was Explained.

The Gaylords and Nelsons have always been neighbors and intimate friends. So when John Gaylord at twenty-four, as fine a fellow as ever was, began to see what an altogether charming girl Molly Nelson was there was naturally no opposition.

Indeed, as the "affair" became serious it was evident to all, including John and Molly themselves, that the parents concerned were delighted. As yet there was no formal announcement, but every one knew that it was "understood," and evening after evening John talked to Molly on the front porch, often lingering after the other Nelsons had retired.

The surprise of the two was consequently great when one evening a shuffling step was heard in the hall, and presently Mr. Nelson appeared in slippers and dressing gown, candle in hand. Quite evidently he had gone to bed and then got up—for some purpose.

"Why, father, what is the matter?"

Molly's cheeks were burning, as her father stood there hesitating and eying John closely. John, leaning against the doorpost, where he had stood for the last fifteen minutes saying good night to Molly, felt decidedly uncomfortable under Mr. Nelson's gaze.

In fact, it was embarrassing all around. But John is a young man who goes straight to the point.

"Is anything wrong, Mr. Nelson?" he began. "Am I to infer that you object to my being here?"

"Well, no, not exactly, John," Mr. Nelson coughed slightly, hesitating. "It's only that mother and I would like to get a little sleep."

"Father," cried Molly, quite indignant, "we couldn't have been disturbing any one! John has been talking very low!"

"I don't doubt that, my dear," Mr. Nelson was beginning to enjoy the situation. "It's not that, nor have I any objection to John's talking to you. In fact, I haven't an objection in the world to John nor to his conduct, except!"

Mr. Nelson is open to suspicion of having prolonged the matter unnecessarily at this point.

"Except in one thing, Mrs. Nelson and I do object seriously, my dear John, to the habit you seem to have formed this evening of leaning against the doorpost. Our bedroom is not the kitchen, and this corner is not a ring is not conducive to sleep."

## Race Cause of Baldness.

Coming in from East Liberty on a train were two men who apparently were old acquaintances and who met in a jovial mood. Both men were quite gray, but each had a luxuriant head of hair. Near them sat a stout party with a shining dome that was almost destitute of hairs covering.

The two friends exchanged facetious remarks about silvered locks, then indulged in some pleasantries about the "thinning of the thatch," with casual references to doorknobs and billiard balls, much to the amusement of the passengers, but to the evident discomfort of the baldheaded man.

The talk finally developed into an argument on the cause of baldness, and after considerable jocularity the pair turned to the pearly pated stranger, and one said:

"My friend and I have been discussing the cause of baldness, but we can't seem to agree. Would you mind telling us what you regard as the real cause of baldness?"

The stranger wheeled about, eyed his questioners fiercely and snorted: "Brains!"—Pittsburg Gazette.



At the Zoo—Good gracious! How heavy my burrow is today.—You V-rant.

## THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Date of the First Agreement Among New York's Brokers.

In the early part of March, 1792 the first notice was printed of the opening of a stock exchange office at 22 Wall street by A. L. Bleecker & Sons, J. Pintard, McEvers & Barclay, Cortlandt & Terrers and Jay & Sutton. These several firms held auctions of stock each day at noon, selling in rotation to insure equal opportunities for each other.

Some of the broker specialists resented such a restricted organization, and on March 21 a meeting was called of the dissatisfied brokers for purposes of protection, and a committee was appointed to provide a suitable room in which to assemble and to suggest such rules and regulations for conducting their business as the committee deemed necessary. The final result of this meeting, says Moody's Magazine, was the first signed agreement among dealers in securities, the oldest record now in the archives of the New York Stock Exchange. The agreement reads as follows:

"We, the Subscribers, Brokers for the purchase and Sale of Public Stock, do hereby solemnly promise and pledge ourselves to each other, that we will not buy or sell from this day, for any person whatsoever, any kind of Public Stock at a less rate than one-quarter per cent commission on the specie value, and that we will give a preference to each other in our negotiations. In Testimony Whereof we have set our hands this 17th day of May, at New York, 1792."

This organization had no local habitation for conducting exchange business. Like the curb brokers today, transactions were carried on in the open air at a point between the present numbers of 68 and 70 Wall street, under a famous old buttonwood tree that stood there with widespread branches, which protected them from the sun's rays and ordinarily inclement weather.

Business in those days was not rushing, and there was an air of leisure and quiet about the gathering. Securities were not active enough to employ all the time of the brokers, so between times betting on the results of domestic and foreign political controversies and dealing in merchandise were included.

The first inside quarters of the exchange were secured in 1793, when the Tontine coffee house, at the northwest corner of Wall and William streets, was completed. The old buttonwood tree was abandoned, and the dignity of the brokers' organization was elevated by the change. The Tontine coffee house was controlled by a chartered company composed of 203 subscribers at \$200 each, organized as a merchants' exchange.

The dealers in securities and the merchants were all jumbled up together, and at times when trading was brisk there was wild excitement and shouts that would have done credit to a band of Comanche Indians. No constitution for a stock exchange was adopted until 1817, when the New York stock and exchange board was formally organized and a constitution adopted. Nathaniel Prime was appointed president and John Burson secretary.

## The Manager Was Cute.

The crowd swayed toward the manager of the open air show.

"What did you mean by advertising that tight rope walker?" cried the spokesman.

"Just what I said," replied the unabashed manager.

"But the rope was laid on the ground," cried the spokesman, "and your fraud of a rope walker just walked on it a step or two! Do you call that tight rope walking?"

"Certainly!" shouted the manager. "The man was tight, wasn't he?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Consolation.



Kind Hearted Motorist (to victim)—There's a doctor in that car behind.—Browning's Magazine.

## SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

Politeness to Servants and Even the Street Beggars.

From what we saw and from what happened to us I made up a page of Spanish etiquette. It is probably not correct, but I offer it as the result of our experiences. Other people may have had different impressions. If you are of the female sex never wear a short skirt, a sailor or English walking hat unless you are willing to have people stare at you and sometimes call after you. If you have red hair dye it or be prepared to be saluted as "Rubia." Never bow to a man unless he lifts his hat first. If you are a man you may dress as an Englishman, an operatic tenor or a chorus singer from Carmen without exciting remark. Never wear glasses.

If you are blind take a dog on a string. When you sit down at the table or arise always bow and say, "Buenas." This is imperative. You may jostle people without apology, but never speak to any one without saying "your grace," be he noble, friend or beggar. "Will your grace do me the favor to bring me my coffee at 9 o'clock tomorrow?" would strike an American bellboy with dismay. But it is the literal translation of the Spanish request.

Never tell a beggar to clear out, but say that you have left your purse at home and that you will remember him tomorrow or gently murmur that God will reward him, whereat he will smile, thank you and depart. These same beggars, who spring up on every side, seem to have a code of etiquette we could not fashion. After two or three days there were a few who begged only from me, two or three others who begged Jean. Evidently we were understood to be the patrons of certain beggars who out of a crowd of mendicants were the only ones to approach us who would take their dole with thanks or if we said "tomorrow" would smilingly back away at once.

A trip into Spain ought to mean more than sketches of life as we saw it in a single city. Yet it was our pleasure to linger on in Madrid, with the exception of three days spent in Toledo and the Escorial, for the whole of our two months' holiday, and to return direct to Paris without seeing any of the southern country, so beloved by other tourists. So can any one wonder that to us Spain means Madrid, the city of marvelous contrasts?—E. C. Allen in Outlook.

## A BUDDING GENIUS.

Ambitions and Hard Work of the Boy Saint Gaudens.

Immediately on being apprenticed to Avet I applied for admission to the drawing school of the Cooper institute, and every evening after my return from work at 6 o'clock and a hasty tea I went down there, where my artistic education began.

I can recall there the kindly impression produced on me by Abram S. Hewitt as he glanced at me during some function. Father at that time was making shoes for the Cooper family, and I suppose that that is why he looked at me. The feeling of profound gratitude for the help which I have had from that institution abides with me to this day.

It was during the next two or three years that my first aspirations and ambitions made themselves felt. I became a terrific worker, toiling every night until 11 o'clock after the Cooper institute was over, in the conviction that in me another heaven born genius had been given to the world.

I can recall thinking in public conveyances that if the men standing on the platform around me could realize how great a genius was rubbing elbows with them in the quiet looking boy by their side they would be profoundly impressed. As a result, I was so exhausted by the confining work of cameo cutting by day and by drawing at night that in the morning I was literally dragged out of bed by mother, pushed over to the washstand, where I gave myself a cat's lick somehow or other, driven to the seat at the table, administered my breakfast, which consisted of tea and large quantities of the long French loaves of bread with butter, and tumbled downstairs, out into the street, where I awoke.—Reminiscences of Augustus Saint Gaudens in Century.

## GOLDEN NEEDLES.

They Were Used When Gallants in France Did Fancy Work.

During the old regime in France, about which so much glamour remains to us, the very men who were living and making the history of the empire of Louis passed their leisure time in a way that seems to us of today utterly ridiculous. In all the fancy work on which ladies employed themselves the men seem to have taken part.

Poinsett in one of his comedies represents a young marquis entering a room where two fair damsels are embroidering. One is working a piece of dress trimming, the other a Mary founce. The beau examines the embroidery with the eye of a connoisseur, points out here and there the specially good touches and is too polite to notice any defects. He takes a little gold tube out of the pocket of his richly decorated waistcoat and selects a dainty gold needle. He goes to the frame at which Cidalise is working and finishes the flower which she had begun. From her he moves to the sofa and, seizing one end of the founce, assists Ismene, to whom he pays special attention, to complete her task.

At this time it was the custom of the ladies invariably to carry their workbags with them to the evening receptions, in which they had not only their embroidery materials, but the last novel, the popular songs, their patch boxes and rouge pots. Gentlemen also carried deftly embroidered little bags into company, which held "a whole arsenal of cutlery and fancy articles, such as boxes of different shapes filled with lozenges, bonbons, snuff and scent."

At another period the fashion of the day was to cut out drawings from books and pamphlets and to paste them on screens, lamp shades, boxes and vases. The skill in this was to so arrange the drawings or parts of different drawings as to produce a curious or amusing effect. Then there came a season when all the rage was for charades and riddles, which gave a peculiarly good opportunity to exercise the light and rapid wit so conspicuous in the French. Every evening the drawing rooms were converted into impromptu charades. Some lady would suggest a word or phrase, and forthwith it would be converted into the subject of a sprightly little play. Many of the word games now current with us in America had their origin in the necessity the French salons were under in the last century to divert themselves. In some of the salons the fashion of keeping a daily chronicle of news, which was too often a mere chronicle of scandal, was adopted. Mme. Doublet de Persan issued bulletins which she called "nouvelles a la main." In her apartments two registers were kept, one of the authentic news received here and there by her guests, the other of floating rumors and on dits, and from these the budget of her chronicle was made up and circulated throughout France.—Appleton's Magazine.

## Left Till Called For.

When Wilkinson went to his office one day last week he felt calm and contented. He hadn't any need to worry about his wife's loneliness any more, for he had bought a capital watchdog for her.

But, alas, when he arrived home his wife met him with the deplorable news that the dog had gone.

"Th!" said Wilkinson. "Did he break the chain, then?"

"No," she replied, "but a great, ugly looking tramp came here and acted so impudently that I let the dog loose. But instead of tearing the tramp to pieces the nasty dog went off with him."

"Great Scott!" said Wilkinson. "That must have been the tramp I bought him from!"—London Express.

## A Peculiar Couple.

Conversation had turned to the subject of two men, utterly dissimilar, who nevertheless roomed together. One of these men was generally conceded to be a "freak." His name was John.

"John and Jim are certainly a queer pair," opined somebody.

"John and anybody are a queer pair," opined somebody else.

Poor John!—Exchange.